

Martinsburg Gazette.

By Edmund P. Hunter.]

MARTINSBURG, (VA.) THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1835.

[Vol. XXXVI--No. 37.]

Office of the Martinsburg Savings Institution
June 9, 1834.

BY a resolution of the board of directors of this institution the following rates of interest have been adopted for the government of the Treasurer thereof receiving money on deposit, viz:

For deposits payable six months after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of 5 per centum per annum.

For deposits payable four months after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of 4 per centum per annum.

For deposits payable ninety days after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of 3 per centum per annum.

By order
GEORGE DOLL, Treasurer.
July 10, 1834.—11

BEDDINGTON MILLS.

THE subscriber having leased the Beddington Mills, formerly occupied by Mr. B. Darby, respectfully solicits the patronage of his former customers, and the public generally. He will at any time manufacture Wheat into Flour, for customers; and deliver a barrel of superfine flour for every five bushels of merchantable wheat, at the Messrs. Forman's warehouse, free of expense; also, exchange barrels for the oil if desired. Every description of COUNTRY WORK will be done at the above mills.

H. I. SHAVER.
N. B. Cash will at all times be paid for wheat if delivered at said mills. H. I. S.
September 17, 1835.—6m

LANDS AND MILL FOR SALE.

HAVING sold a part of my estate near Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va. I wish to dispose of the residue, consisting of the Mill tract of about

340 ACRES.

and the Oak Ridge tract of 130 Acres—lands equal in quality to any in the state. Upon the Mill tract there are upwards of one hundred acres of first rate bottom land, and about the same quantity of cleared upland, the balance in timber. The Mill house is a substantial stone building, one hundred feet by forty, in which three pair of Burrs and one of Country Stones are worked by the Tuscarora Creek, one of the best and most permanent mill streams in the country.

The dwelling house, also of stone, is a large convenient well finished building, divided into fourteen rooms, besides a passage of 13 feet width through its centre. There are barns, stables and other out buildings in abundance, all good and convenient.

The Oak Ridge tract is 22 miles distant from the Mill tract, about one half of it covered with timber, of the finest quality, the balance cleared, well fenced, and in a high state of cultivation. The improvements on it are indifferent. I will sell those farms on accommodating terms, either entire, or divided, to suit purchasers.

MATTHEW RANSON.

March 3, 1835.—11

VALUABLE MANUFACTURING PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE subscriber as trustee of Edward A. Gibbs of Martinsburg Berkeley Co. Va., is authorized to sell or lease the following valuable property lying on the Tuscarora creek in Martinsburg.

1. A valuable Woolen factory with all the necessary machinery, implements &c. now in the occupancy of John N. Riddle & Co. whose lease of the same expires on the 1st of April 1836. To this valuable factory is attached a machine Shop—and every appurtenance and convenience necessary for the spinning, weaving, dyeing, and dressing processes in the making of Cloth.

2. A Valuable Sawmill.

3. A Cupola Furnace, with its apparatus and various flasks, patterns, and furniture.

4. A Blacksmith's Shop and Tools.

This valuable property will be disposed of by the subscriber separately or together at private sale, or for term of years. The factory of course sold or leased subject to the term of the present tenancy—possession of the rest delivered immediately.—The subscriber can assure persons who may wish to engage in business of this sort that a BARGAIN can be had, the execution of his trust requiring that some disposition should be peremptorily made. Enquire of the subscriber living in Morgan County, Va., opposite Hancock, Md., or to D. H. Conrad Esq. Martinsburg, Va. CROMWELL ORRICK.
Trustee for E. A. Gibbs.
September 3, 1835.—11

CASH FOR FLOUR!

THE subscribers have made arrangements for the purchase of any Flour that may be delivered to them at their Ware House at Shepherdstown for which they will at all times give a fair price in CASH. They will be governed in the offer of Flour, by the latest Georgetown prices. They will also purchase Rye and Corn, as well as the produce of the country generally at fair prices.

SHORTT & HARRIS.

Sept. 10, 1835.

DR. D. MURPHY.

HAS removed his office to the house on King street, situated on the corner opposite Mr. J. Billmire's Hotel, where he may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged.

April 30, 1835.—11

MISCELLANY.

The following extract from La Martine's introduction to Patala's Narrative, contains the reflections of a philosopher. It introduces a theory which is confirmed by the author's experience; and is well worthy the attention of the reader.

"The more I have travelled, the more I am convinced that races of men form the great secret of history and manners. Man is not so capable of education as philosophers imagine. The influence of government and laws has less power, radically, than is supposed, over the manners and instincts of any people, while the primitive constitution and blood of the race have always their influence, and manifest themselves thousands of years afterwards, in the physical formations and moral habits of a particular family or tribe. Human nature flows in rivers into the vast ocean of humanity, but its waters mingle but slowly, sometimes never; and it emerges again, like the Rhine from the lake of Geneva, with the same taste and color. Here is indeed an abyss of thought and meditation, and at the same time a great secret for legislators. As long as they keep the spirit of race in view, they succeed; but they fail when they strive against this natural predisposition: nature is stronger than they are. This sentiment is not that of the philosophers of the present time, but it is evident to the traveller—and there is more philosophy to be found in a caravan journey of a hundred leagues, than in ten years' reading and meditation."

THE TOWN OF NILES.—We have received the first number of a newspaper published by Henry Barnes, at Niles, Berrien county, in the Territory of Michigan, which is about 180 miles west of Detroit, entitled "The Niles Gazette and Advertiser." It is a respectable sheet, well printed, on good type and contains four columns and a half of advertisements, which indicates it to be a place of considerable business. We make the following extracts from the sheet, to give our readers some information of this growing county, into which the tide of emigration and speculation is rolling daily with increasing power.—Poulton.

NILES.—This flourishing village contains a population at this time of from six to seven hundred, is situated on the east bank of the St. Joseph's river, 24 miles from its mouth, on the mail stage road, from Detroit to Chicago, and takes its name from Herkibah Niles, Esq., editor of Niles' Register, Baltimore, Md.

Five years since, this place contained but three houses and about 12 inhabitants—and was not known out of the county as a village. The first name given to the post-office was *Post-noting*, a name which has since been changed to Niles, in honor of the gentleman who first settled here. The growth of the village is almost incredible. The first house, (a log cabin about 12 feet square) was built by a Mr. Shurtle, about 6 years since. The first framed house was built by P. M. Green, Esq., in December, 1829, being the only one west of Tecumseh. Then we had a mail once in two weeks from Fort Wayne and about once in three months from Detroit.—Now, we have a daily mail from Detroit, and several times a week from the north and south. As a place of business, Niles is not surpassed by any other of its size in the western country; there being several extensive stores, an iron foundry, chair, and furniture manufactory, mechanics of all kinds, a barbers' shop (a luxury not often found in these parts) two public houses, one Presbyterian Church, and two other organized societies, (Episcopalian and Methodist) who will have churches erected within a year, school houses, &c.

The land reservation, opposite this place, also affords great temptations to the farmer. It contains about 50,000 acres of the best land in the territory. We understand that it is to be surveyed in a few weeks, soon after which it will probably be sold.

A FAMILY OF REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—The following gentlemen, all four brothers, received pensions last year, and all died together, at the house of Mr. H. De Forest, in Norwich, Chenango county, New York, on the first day of this month. They are all highly respectable and worthy men, and have served their country with fidelity and honor more than half a century—were all born in Stratford, Connecticut, and had not been together before in more than fifty years, viz:

Samuel De Forest, aged seventy-seven, served two years and six months, now lives at Batavia, Saratoga county, New York.

Abel De Forest, aged seventy-four years, served three years and three months, lives at Edmeston, Otsego county, New York.

Mills De Forest, aged seventy-two years, served three years and seven months, lives at Livingston, Essex county, New York.

Gideon De Forest, aged seventy years, served two years and two months, lives at Edmeston, Otsego county, New York.

We would very much like to know the history of our revolutionary struggle will furnish a case similar to this—of four brothers out of one family, embarking in a cause, and living half a century to witness the mighty change produced by the success of a band of heroes.—N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

QUICK WORK.—A correspondent of the New York Daily Advertiser, from Lowell, relates the following story:

"One of the most amusing stories that I have heard about manufacturing in this manufacturing region, relates to the fabrication of buildings of the largest size. A contract was made with a builder in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts, to build a country meeting house by a certain day. The time approached within a few weeks, and not a stick of timber was upon the ground. The cellar was dug—and the foundation laid, indeed, but it seemed, from all appearances, that the contractor had given up all intention of performing his agreement. A lawyer was consulted concerning the proper manner to proceed for damages; but after some longer delay, and I believe, within two or three weeks of the time, when a long train of wagons and carts entered the town, with all parts of the meeting house exactly prepared, fitted and marked, fresh from the mills, where the contractor made his meeting house by the job. Once on the ground, a sufficiency of hands attending, the frame was raised in the twinkling of an eye, the pews, pulpit, galleries, &c. were knocked together, the building was boarded, floored, shingled, glazed and painted, without delay, everything scrupulously performed to the strict letter of the contract, up to the lightning rod, ball and weathercock, and the key delivered over to the building committee some days before the stipulated time."

At the recent laying of the corner stone of the Medical College at Geneva, New York, a great number of articles were deposited within it, there to remain as memorials of the present era. Of course many persons were destined for future fame, by having their works selected for preservation under the masonry walls of the new College, and a goodly number who have no other possible chance except in this way. One of the articles deposited, was a rose, manufactured in Philadelphia, hermetically sealed in a bottle, to be presented to the prettier girl, who may be living, in this country, in the year 4000, by Dr. E. Cutbush.

BROOKS' LETTERS.—THINGS IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, July 7, 1835.

I have taken a leap, you see, since my last, over the Channel; and here I am with Teddy O'Rourke and Patrick O'Flanagan—among the eccentric people with all heart and no head. (I speak of the mass) loving liberty more than all other people and enjoying less of it—pursuing the substance and catching the phantom—daring any thing, and suffering every thing—with a chivalry that infuriates, but never aids them—capable of being made the best people on earth, but now almost the worst—joyful in every thing, begging or burying, (I speak of the wakers,) starving or fat—fighting for fun as well as glory—or as the couplet has it,

"In luxury delighting,
Laughing while fighting."

Indeed, I never knew what to make of the Irish, as a people. They do not come under any of the common descriptions of the human race. They are as widely different from the English or Scotch as the channel that separates them; with much better materials to make men of, and not yet half so much of men. I don't know here half the time whether I should laugh or mourn; for the very beggars are such wits, and beg so humorously, that though their appearance betoken an extreme of suffering, yet their countenances are so jovial, that one is puzzled to know what to make of them. Half of my time I fancy that it is all acting, and that Dublin is a great theatre; for such splendid pictures do you here see of the height of affluence, mingled with the lowest poverty, that you cannot believe this to be real life, that exhibits edifices and trappings here, and such degradation there. It looks like a play—an old farce that some ingenious man has got up in a huge theatre to put men in the highest and lowest possible condition of life, and that here he has grouped them by way of contrast. If I jump out of the way of some nobleman's carriage, I fall, perchance, into a circle of beggars.—If I take my eye from the splendid College, or more splendid Bank, it falls upon the rags that hardly cover the nakedness of some miserable being. Thus is there collected here, all that can delight, and all that can pain the eye. Pleasure is easily mingled with pain. There is more splendor, and more poverty collected in one single point here—a view, say, from the bridge over the Liffey, to the end of Sackville street—than I ever have seen any where in England or in Scotland: for you have a view of the Bank, the Colleges, the Custom House, the magnificent quay, and of every rich livery that passes, and also of the thick groups of ragged beggars, who crowd here to beset every stranger as he goes along.

I must, however, take you back with me to Scotland, from which, if I have leaped, I have leaped very unceremoniously. I did not go to see Bothwell Castle, near Glasgow, so famous in Scottish history, at which many will say *Pro pud!*—but I had not time. If one stops to see all the interesting old castles, he will stop forever. Nor did I visit the Falls of Clyde.—I have seen enough of British water falls, not to be tempted out of my path again. The Scotch lovers of scenery complain bitterly of the manner in which the romance and poetry of the Clyde near Glasgow has been destroyed by cotton mills, coal pits, &c. In this respect, it must resemble much of the wild scenery in New England. A writer here, in describing the country about here, exclaims in indignation, that "it is in fact mill ridden—fairly subjugated, turned, tormented, tumbled and galvanized by the demon of machinery. Steam, like a pale night hag, kicks, and spurs the sides of oppressed nature, and smoke rises on every hand, as if to express the unhappy old dame's vexation and fatigue." There is too much truth in that.

Toward the evening of the 4th, we embarked from Glasgow for Dublin. Steamboats were putting off for all points of the compass. An iron steamer, I remarked, passed us with great ease, gliding through the water, without making half the disturbance we made, which I can assure you, was not inconsiderable, as we threw up large waves on both banks of the narrow Clyde. As we went along, I could not help remarking a trait in Irish character. As we came near a little village, I believe it was Kilpatrick, a hundred or more Irishmen who were there at work with their wheel barrows, began a most tremendous hurraing in honor as I saw, of one of their companions, who was in our boat to Dublin; and then the fellow himself, was so elated by this acclamation of his countrymen, that he leaped and roared like one insane, fired with an enthusiasm which but few people are infected with, in the manner that the Irish are. Every Irishman, in short, seemed to be ordering their companion to do some little errand for him at home. Now no where but with the Irish, would there be such an outbreak for a companion's departure as there was here. These are traits of character, which when well directed, make the Irish the best hearted people in the world.

Rapidly we left the men of Glasgow, (for in common parlance here, men live in Glasgow, folk in Greenock, and bodies in Paisley; as in Lancashire, where they classify the people of the different towns from gentlemen down to claps; the difference between which any physiologist will tell you)—and soon after dark, we began to feel the pitching of these hateful seas.—Our beds or settees, were so arranged, by turning the seats into beds, and fixing a frame work above them,—and here the heels of one passenger were in the face of another. Now I will leave you to draw your own picture of the condition of human beings shut up in a hot pestilential cabin,—too cold without to let cold air within, and too hot without to venture without,—particularly when Neptune, that rascally old sea tyrant, is extracting from all, severe tribute for venturing to go over the

rough domain. However, "blessed be the man who first invented sleep." All the ills of life are over when one is asleep.—Morpheus took care of me, and Neptune growled in vain. You see I am becoming classical at once.

By the next morning, at 9 o'clock, we were entering Carrickfergus Lough, into which the river Lagan, on which Belfast stands, empties itself. The tide was out, and it was with difficulty that we reached Belfast by noon. Here we spent the day. Belfast looks very much like an American town, and is nearly all of brick. So much does it resemble some of our American towns, that when I saw some American ships in port, the illusion for a while quite amounted in my mind to a reality.

Belfast is flourishing, and in it there seems to be much wealth. It did not at all resemble what I supposed an Irish town would resemble—for in it I saw none of that squalid wretchedness that soon became visible in other parts of Ireland. The northern part of Ireland, in which the Protestants have full control, is much more prosperous than the southern part, where the people are saddled by two religions, which quarrel so fiercely together, that either seems to be a curse, instead of a blessing—for I am sorry to say, that religion, or rather, what is called religion, can be made a curse as well as a blessing, as both catholicism and protestantism is made in many parts of the island—the Protestants plundering the poor people under the character of the law, and the catholics, in revenge, destroying property, and refusing partake of the blessings that an education in a Protestant school would give their poor, ignorant children. Belfast exhibits all the signs of a flourishing town. The charity institutions are very numerous.—The buildings are good without being remarkable. Belfast you know is celebrated for its business.

We debated at Glasgow whether or not we should go to see the celebrated Giant's Causeway, which would have cost us to go and fro, and out of the way, travel of a hundred miles—but as we had seen the superior specimen of Fingal's cave in Staffa, we concluded to stop at Dublin at once, which was distant about one hundred and four English miles, and eighty Irish miles, for there are two kinds of miles here, eleven Irish miles making fourteen English miles—a fact which is somewhat important for an American to understand even in America, when he is reckoning distances with an Irishman there. The morning that we started, there was in the coffee room, a party of twelve Americans, and without ourselves, three in number, and in the coach we found three more, bound, with us, to Dublin. I was delighted. At the precision with which we moved, at the very moment appointed, we started. At every stopping place, the time of our arrival was checked. The guard had in his hand a way bill, and the time beyond which the coach must not be at certain stopping places along the road. All was as regular as clock work could make it.

From Belfast to Lisburn, 7 Irish miles, the road was very agreeable. The banks of the Lagan, here, which we kept, are fertile, and much adorned with elegant residences, hedge rows, raised foot paths, woods and copses. Hillsborough, a pretty town, with plantations of trees, and cultivated environs, next met our attention. Drogheda was the next considerable town, and this is near the river Lagan, with a cathedral, and a Roman Catholic Chapel. But it is no use to put down all the towns I passed, where they are in the old world. About here, or soon after, the beggars began to appear, thronging our coach, and begging a penny for the love of God,—beggars of every age, some with eyes but without arms, some with legs and arms, but no eyes—ragged and filthy, more wretched structures of mortality than I have ever seen before. For the love of God give me a penny. I have not had anything to eat—I don't know how long. If you exhausted your pockets of pennies, more would throng round you and beg the harder. If you chatted with them the Irish wit would leak out amid all their affliction. They clung to the coach till the very moment it started—and thus it was all the way to Dublin, only the farther we advanced, the thicker the beggars became.

Loughbrickland, "the lake of the speckled trout" was passed. I mention this place to say that on this Lough, the Protestants were driven in the great rebellion and the ice bearing hundreds sunk to the bottom. Newry was also passed, said to be the most flourishing place in the county of Down. But as we went on,—on much farther than this—the country began to look much worse, and the people much more miserable. We passed a place I think it was Lord Clermont's—a beautiful place on the banks of a beautiful rivulet, near the sides of a lofty hill, all buried in a thickly clustering wood,—and this seat any man might envy the possession of, were it not for the contrast of this beauty with the horrid ugliness—the dreadful poverty all around. Why this was a paradise—but the other prospect was—I cannot find words to express my purposes. How can a man live and be happy there! How can he see such sights and live in an Eden himself—such muddy huts, such beggary, and such human degradation all about him! I do not wonder that the Irish nobility flee their homes, if they are such as this. A man with a heart could not endure such existence there. There must be something wrong in the man himself, when there is about him such a picture—though how this is in this particular place, I cannot say.

We passed immense peat bogs on the road, used as fuel, quite the only fuel at least with the poorer classes. How strange this phenomenon is, of the ancient forests thus running the land on which they were, and I did not think before that a removal

of this peat, and an approach to the ancient soil was a service to the land. That peat is bought and sold often by the single piece. The poor retail it as we might be supposed to retail bricks. It is carted a bout, and sold at fairs, or carried to market and hawked about as other things are. We passed Dundalk, which was the bulwark of what was once termed 'the English rule,' and was surrounded on all sides by strong towers and castled mansions of the English barons. Now it was the Monday of the fair, and it was so full of people, that though the guard blew fierce blasts from his horn, we could scarcely make a way. Drogheda too we passed—a town that Cromwell stormed and took, and near which was the 'Battle of the Boyne.'

Balsoderry, famous for cakes, and that is all, is the only name of a town I will write till I get to Dublin—but before I get there I must tell you of its miserable villages on this the northern suburbs—all so horrid and wretchedly poor,—with no walks no cleanliness—thrown up of stone, or made with stucco, but all so miserably done, as to make one think the rapidly galloping horses go slow. The environs of Dublin are unpromising. All is unpromising, all about—and you begin to think that Dublin is not worth coming to see.—With this impression you enter the city, you reach Sackville street, the Broadway of the city, and all the splendor you then begin to see, is therefore magnified the more. We travelled 104 English miles in about 11 hours, over a Mac Adamized road of course—as good as need be for safety and rapidity; and we were no more fatigued than if we had been sitting in our rooms. So little was the motion that we could have read all the way with ease.

From Niles' Register.

The last number of the North American Review, says a Boston paper, contains an excellent article, which is said to be from the pen of E. Washburn, of Worcester, in this state, on the subject of "the laboring classes in Europe." This article we commend to the especial attention of all who are discontented with our republican institutions, who act upon the principles of modern agri-anism, who are such strenuous sticklers for reform, that they would willingly overturn the government, and introduce anarchy and ruin, provided they could bring down others to a level with themselves. The writer gives a detailed and accurate account of the condition of the laboring classes in all the principal countries of Europe, and which furnishes an astonishing contrast with the state of the laboring classes in this country. The following is a portion of the preliminary remarks of the writer:

"There is no more universal characteristic of human nature, than a disposition to find fault with our present condition, whatever it may be. Every body praises the state that has gone by, and looks forward to a future day as one which shall bring relief to all present inconveniences. It is this propensity to discontent, on which modern reformers are so ready to seize, for the purpose of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. They assume the existence of acknowledged evils and thence endeavor to draw the conclusion that the cause of these evils is what they would pretend to reform. They depict the horrors of poverty, the pride and luxurious indolence of the rich, and forthwith preach up a crusade against wealth, and the laws by which it is protected. In this way covert attacks are daily made upon our own institutions and laws; and as their conclusions are apparently drawn from acknowledged facts, honest minds are often deceived, and discontent is excited, when no cause of complaint in fact exists.

"There is no more common mode of attempting to mislead the public sentiment, than by describing a state of things existing in other countries, and assuming that it exists also in our own. Men talk very correctly of the evils of an established aristocracy, with its hereditary wealth; its vices and its power; and, having done so, they stamp the picture with an American name, in order to excite jealousies among our own citizens; when, in fact, the description is no more a delineation of American manners and institutions, than a Norwegian landscape resembles the vine clad hills of France or Italy. It is thus that the outcry about the rights of the working men has been raised so loudly in our country. We are told of the condition of these classes in England; of the starving mechanic and the oppressed manufacturer; of the poor houses, crowded with healthy laborers, destitute of the ordinary necessities of life; and in the same breath an appeal is made to the mechanic and the manufacturer here, to subvert the laws, which grind down the laboring classes to the dust; as if there were some real analogy between our condition and that of England, in respect to the laws which regulate property, the means of subsistence or the reward of industry."

FOREIGN WIFE HUNTERS.—We find in Fraser's Magazine the following remarks which appear to us not inapplicable to this country. Foreigners, by the help of a little impudence and a great deal of hauteur and assumption, find no difficulty in gaining access to the "good society" circles in this country, and when there, are caressed and flattered, and bowed to, as if they were a superior order of beings. Our republican belles show a decided penchant for foreign beaux, especially if they sport a ferocious pair of mustaches, or assume the title of "Mc Lord," "Chevalier," "Baron," &c.

"It is no unusual thing for a married foreigner to take an additional wife in England, provided he can get a little money with her. The chances are that a moderate sum keeps the former lady quiet, even if she hears of the affair. If she is troublesome, it is only going back to the conti-

nent with the English money and without the English wife. I have myself known three cases of this kind, and strange to say, the heroes, as if intended to serve as samples of their respective nations, were all three of different countries. The one was an Italian, the other a Frenchman, and a German. The Italian managed best, he contrived to hush up the business and to reconcile the parties. The Italian wife who is by far the prettiest of the two lives at the expense of the English one, and sometimes pays her a sentimental visit, and is very kind to the Anglo Italian children. The German took advantage of his English lady's indignation on hearing of the previous marriage, and obtained in some of the little principalities of Germany a favorable divorce, which left him in possession of the best part of the English fortune. The Frenchman mismanaged the affair, and was obliged to run for it; and I do not know how matters have settled: families like to keep things quiet, or we should hear of many more—for they are now of almost daily occurrence. It is, indeed, generally asserted that Prince Puckler Muskau himself came to this country in order to marry a rich widow now higher than a countess, but then only a vis-countess. That he had a wife living seemed no objection in his eyes; the ill-natured world abroad say that it was the only objection in the lady's eyes.

Counsellor Curran & Judge Robinson.—Mr. Curran having observed in some cause before this judge, "that he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the judge, in an acrid contemptuous tone, "but I suspect that your library is very small." His lordship, who like too many of that time, was a party zealot, was known to be the author of several anonymous political pamphlets, which were chiefly conspicuous for their despotic principles and excessive violence. The young barrister, roused by the sneer at his circumstances, replied that true it was that his library might be small, but he thanked heaven that among his books there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. "I find it more instructive," my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the little pages give me the writer's name; my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

He was here interrupted by the judge, who said, "Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "my lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are perhaps not unacquainted. A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat delivered it to a bystander to hold; but having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also, that the trustee of his habits had detatched during the affray. So my lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgement seat, lays aside for a moment, to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he endeavors to shelter himself from behind an authority, which he has abandoned."

Judge Robinson.—"If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you."

Mr. Curran.—"Then my lord, it will be the best thing you'll have committed this term."

BOSTON, Oct. 15.

BRIGHTON CATTLE SHOW.—The annual Agricultural Fair and Cattle Show took place at Brighton yesterday; and called together, as usual, a large assemblage from Boston and vicinity. There were some fine cattle in the pens; but on the whole the cattle show and the exhibition of domestic manufactures, were hardly equal to former occasions. There was the usual variety of demoralizing scenes which seem to be inseparable from occasions of this kind in this country. The booths supplied with ardent spirits, in any quantities; and gaming and intemperance among a large portion of the company present, seemed to be the order of the day.

The Address by Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, was listened to with much pleasure. It displayed great research; and was evidently the production of a scholar, yet it was well adapted to the comprehension of the audience, who listened to it with the deepest attention. He considered Agriculture coeval with Civilization, and remarked upon its early introduction into Egypt, where every inch of soil was reclaimed from the desert, and it was emphatically styled the Granary of the Earth. He spoke of the value placed on Agriculture by the Romans, and the respect which was paid to the cultivators of the soil; of its progress in the East previous to the invasion of the Macedonian conqueror; of the decline of tillage and the substitution of pasturage after the fall of the Roman empire; of its subsequent introduction into Spain, by the Moors; of its progress in Europe, particularly in Great Britain, and of its present condition in the United States.—General Dearborn pointed out the great value of Agriculture to a country; and described the qualifications required to form a successful farmer. He also urged the importance of gentlemen of talent and wealth turning their attention to the subject. He described the pleasures attendant on a country residence; and the beneficial influence of Landholders on the government of a country, exemplified in the history of England. He said that the true Temple of the living God, was beneath the blue vault of the firmament, in the midst of the sublime and wondrous works of creation.